

# The Tryon Daily Bulletin

Vol. 8 TRYON, N. C., TUESDAY, OCT. 22, 1935 Est. 1-31-28

## Maj. Sharp To Speak Tuesday

President E. M. Gwathmey of Converse college announced yesterday that Maj. Bernard Sharp of Tryon, N. C., will be the speaker at the first convocation of the year at the college at noon Tuesday in the little chapel, when all classes will be suspended from 12 to 1 o'clock to permit faculty members and students to be present.

Visitors have been invited to attend.

The International Relations club of the college is sponsoring the event, and through Major Sharp is presenting a timely discussion. Major Sharp will speak on the subject of the Ethiopian war and will have maps to show places of interest to which he refers in his talk. He is particularly well fitted to speak of the Ethiopian war as he is a retired army officer and a student of international relations.—Spartanburg Journal.

## Henry E. Flynn

Landrum, Oct. 21. — Henry E. Flynn, 80, retired farmer of the Sandy Plains section of Polk county, died suddenly this morning at 2:30 at his home after having been in declining health for about a year.

Surviving are two sons, H. G. Flynn of Sandy Plains, N. C., and D. B. Flynn of Columbus, N. C.; four daughters, Mrs. Nora Nodine, of North Pacolet community; Mrs. Charlotte Weaver of Landrum, route 1; Mrs. Gladys Vickers of Landrum route 1, and Mrs. Myrtle

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## Mrs. Coolidge Will Spend Winter In Tryon, N. C.

Northampton, Mass., Oct. 21.—Mrs. Grace Goodhue Coolidge, widow of former President Calvin Coolidge, plans to spend the winter again at the winter home of Mrs. F. B. Adams of this city, near Tryon, North Carolina, friends learned today.

She will close her estate "The Beeches" here in a few weeks.—Asheville Citizen.

## What An English Woman Thinks of Tryon

Miss Virginia Graham of London, England, who is spending a month in Tryon with Mr. and Mrs. Lefty Flynn, when asked what her impressions of Tryon were, replied with the following verse:

If I had all the treasure  
That lies beyond the sea,  
I'd trade it for the pleasure  
That Tryon gives to me.  
I'd sell the Mona Lisa  
For Tryon's autumn trees,  
The leaning Tower of Pisa  
For Tryon's cooling breeze.  
The Bridge of Sighs or Naples,  
I'd leave without a tear,  
When Carolina maples  
Are red by Lake Lanier.  
A flaming soldier of the sky,  
The sun comes up each morn,  
To dip the woods in scarlet dye,  
And braid with gold the corn.  
And then when crickets chirrup  
In fields of cotton white,  
The moon on silver stirrup  
Goes riding through the night.  
Oh you may keep your riches  
Your silks, your scents, your wine,  
And give me Tryon's ditches  
Green carpeted with Pine.